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PATRIOTIC PERFIDY,

K

S A T I R E.

Hi, et audaces, et mali, et perniciosi cives putantur, qui incitant
populi animos ad seditionem; aut qui largitione cecant mentes
imperitorum, aut qui fortes et claros viros in aliquam vocant
invidiam.
CICERO.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCCLXXIX.

PATRIOTIC FRENCH

ST. A. T. R. E.

It is a duty of every citizen to support the Government in its efforts to maintain the peace and order of the country. The Government is the only authority that can ensure the safety and well-being of the people. It is the duty of every citizen to obey the laws of the Government and to support its policies. The Government is the only authority that can ensure the safety and well-being of the people. It is the duty of every citizen to obey the laws of the Government and to support its policies.



THE APOLOGY.

LIBERTY has long been esteemed the birth-right of every Englishman—a source from whence have stream'd blessings inestimable. And indeed, if we view our progenitors, under whose protection she became the idol of Britain and envy of the World, we must experience a heart-felt joy to see how tenaciously they labored to support her dignity. History will furnish us with instances innumerable of the *true sons* of freedom, who, in her defence, have fallen willing sacrifices, and

A

smiled

smiled in the pangs of death, occasioned by so noble and so glorious a cause; nay even, at this very hour, their successors, if we *can believe* the echo of their public voice, still wish to appear her strenuous advocates. But alas! freedom is no longer robed in her native purity. Licentiousness with its front of arrogance hath supplied her place—and the public, though it does not feel the galling yoke of monarchy, groans under the load of **ARISTOCRATIC INSOLENCE.**

Patriots labour not now to lighten the burden—but sacrifice the peace and property of the lower orders of men to procure their own private emolument.

The glory of our country, long united with the liberty of the subject, warms not the hearts, nor employs the oratorical abilities of our
patriotic

THE APOLOGY.

3

patriotic declaimers.---Ministers are not now opposed, because they are incapable or unwilling to perform the necessary duties of their stations; but because their possessions are the objects of envy, and their honors the attractives of ambition. Hence spring our internal divisions--which at a time like this, must lay the axe to the root of our once happy constitution, and sap the very foundation of freedom.

Internal divisions must ever enfeeble the power of a country, and render it contemptible in the eye of its neighbour.--Success cannot attend its councils, nor victory its exertions. --- Commerce must stagnate. --- The Riches of a nation, so torn with convulsions, will naturally diminish. --- The state become enervated,---and at last falls a prey to a treacherous, and designing enemy.

The

The author of the following pages has therefore endeavoured to investigate the source from whence some of these mischiefs, with which his country is already oppress'd, originated; and from whence others hover o'er its head. And, tho' perhaps contrary to the opinion of many, he presumes, he has pointed it out clearly to view. If so, he is satisfied --- if not, he can only be accus'd of having followed the example of his superiors without their motive, avail'd himself, *with modest moderation*, of the *Liberty* of a Briton; and spoke his mind with an honest boldness;—which, tho' it may probably condemn the feeble efforts of his Muse, cannot disgrace the Man.

June 9th, 1779.

PATRIOTIC PERFIDY.

—I'LL hear no more—in Mischief's reign

Let timid wenches tremble and complain;

Let fools and fops, pimps, parasites and priests,

Shrink back appall'd—within their coward breasts

Let female fear with universal sway

Bid terror live—their virtue's to obey.

E'er Britain's hardy sons should deign to weep,

Let fear-struck wretches to some dungeon creep;

Secure in darkness, there on horror feed,

Then say 'twas prudence which advis'd the deed.

B

When

When the loud trump of Faction calls to arms
With brazen note, and all her sons alarms ;
Fly then who will, like cringing, coward curs—
Be't ours to face Hell's black ambassadors ;
Be't ours each gorgon visage to expose,
And shew whence sprung our country's present woes ;
The bold demoniacs raise to public view,
Who Treason's steps determin'dly pursue ;
Prove to th'astonish'd world, their selfish schemes
Have crimson'd o'er the West with guiltless streams
Of British blood. Nay more—still unsubdu'd,
As if rejoicing in the purple flood,
Their souls rush onward in their wild career,
Untouch'd by pity, or unaw'd by fear.

Come then, my Muse ! why tremble for your son ?
Tho' often threaten'd, yet he's not undone ;
His heart's the same, from base corruption free,
As when at first he fell in love with thee.

Slave

Slave to no fear, the man of honest soul
In danger's fateful hour ill brooks controul;
His spirits boundless leap the common bar,
And dare, in faction's reign, be singular:
Whate'er th'event, the goal at which they aim,
Should ever be invariably the same:
To one grand point should ev'ry effort tend,
And breath their latest note as Britain's friend.

Grant then my boon! obey thy son's desire!
And, keen as lightning, let satiric fire
Blast Faction's minions with its bluest flame,
And damn the miscreants to eternal fame;
Who spurn at duty, honor's laws detest,
And smile at tortures in a royal breast;
In spight of truth who dare presume to be
Rebellious leaders of Credulity.
At least grant me the pow'r—I'll boldly dare
In such a cause, to wage eternal war;
Stand singly forth, tho' legions round me pour,
And bellow vengeance with a lion's roar;

Tho'

Tho' stor'd with crafty hell's securest art,
With ev'ry scheme which can seduce the heart;
Tho' damn'd hypocrisy should lead the band,
With joy, excess of joy, I'd singly stand;
To murd'ring myriads would myself expose,
And face, undaunted face, a world of foes.

'Tis not in numbers to subdue the man,
Who speaks, and writes, on truth's distinguish'd plan;
Guarded in ev'ry point he lives secure,
Unaw'd by int'rest, and unhurt by pow'r;
Fearless he views infernal Faction's rage,
And like the Guardian Genius of the age,
Who 'gainst Rebellion's daring sons defends
His King, his honor, country, and his friends;
'Midst warring tumults and intestine broils
Collected stands, and at oppression smiles;
Till lawless grown, and insolently base,
All rule of right determin'd to efface,
They onward rush, like tygers thirst for blood,
And curse the very thought of doing good;

With

With transport view the murd'rous path they've trod,
Enjoy their carnage, and defy their God.

'Tis worse than madness then to be supine,
When villains in confederacy join,
Rack their invention, scheme on scheme contrive
To keep rebellious perfidy alive.
Too passive Stoicism sure's a fault,
Or, if a merit, 'tis too dearly bought,
When wounded Britain publicly complains,
And asks each hand to mitigate her pains.

To hear her groans, what Briton can forbear
To heave a sigh, or drop the pitying tear?
When ruthless ruin's to her threshold brought,
Painful reflection! agonizing thought!
Who should refuse the woe-fraught storm to quell,
And curb the foes who 'gainst her peace rebel?

On all her children sure a parent's woe
Calls loudly to destroy her mortal foe;

'Tis Heav'n's command to meliorate distress,
To soften sorrow, and make mis'ry less.

How must it gall a Briton's heart to see
Deceitful Gallia triumph o'er the sea!
See her vast fleets on Neptune's bosom ride,
Abettors of Rebellion's lawless pride!
England's revolted sons with arms supply,
Estrange allegiance, break each tender tie;
With murd'rous faulchions arm the rebel band,
That brother's blood may deluge all the land;
By treach'rous guile perform th' assassin's part,
And plunge their daggers in a parent's heart!
And what the cause?—Truth's mournful notes reply,
That Britain's vipers in her bosom lie;
Bask in the sunshine of unbounded wealth,
And suck the vital stream of vig'rous health.

Horrid, but true, the scene—the mischief springs,
Not from the foes of bondage, but of kings.

Slaves,

2

Slaves, who obedient to Ambition's nod,
Proudly defy th' omnipotence of God;
Leagu'd with a meaner race, who Interest view,
And her through dismal scenes of blood pursue:
Hence spring our woes, from hence our sorrows rise,
Hence flow with copious streams Britannia's eyes.

Must they flow on—when will their current cease?
When shall she taste again the balm of peace?
When shall the Cordial consolation give?
Never—whilst rebels in her entrails live—
Rebels, the damn'dest of Rebellion's crew,
As boldly base as England ever knew;
Rebels, who lost to ev'ry sense of shame,
Assume and prostitute a patriot's name;
Whose ev'ry word, whose ev'ry action prove
Their bosoms glow not with their country's love.
Unlike their fires, tho' liberty's their plea,
They doat on universal anarchy;

Their

Their country's good in riot would o'erwhelm,
To push a N—th or S—h from the helm.

Must then our voice with *rebel* only brand
The name of him, who madly arms his hand;
Fights in defiance to his country's laws,
And blindly vindicates a desp'rate cause?
Sure no—mistaken, or misguided man,
May wildly follow Error's artful plan;
By fraud's fallacious flatt'ry led astray,
Or forc'd by pow'r to tread the dang'rous way.

'Tis not the arm, which deals the deadly blow,
We deem society's rebellious foe;
From various means th' unhappy wretch may bleed;
The heart's consent makes criminal the deed.
Thus, drench'd in gore, still Britain may behold
Her swarthy sons, less culpable than bold;
Pity the fury of the vulgar throng,
And *curse* the chiefs, who basely led them wrong.

The

The man, who loves his country as he ought,
Cannot forsake her welfare, ev'n in thought;
Cannot, to wound her peace, a path pursue,
To gain th' enormous wealth of rich Peru.
Who dares, *dependent* B***e himself must own,
Deserves his Sov'reign's *unremitting* frown:
Tho' cloak'd in patriotic garb, his part
Still proves him very traitor at his heart.

Nor can ambition mitigate the crime,
Tho' Hope should urge him rapidly to climb
The giddy summit of his earthly bliss;
He's still a villain, if he acts amiss:
Himself forgot, he all his soul should give,
And in his country's glory only live.

Whose breast is fraught with such seraphic fire;
To worth like this who boldly dares aspire,
Deserves a patriot's ever-glorious name,
The brightest trophy of eternal fame.

D

Oh!

Oh! had this spirit rouz'd for our defence;
And warm'd our hearts with heav'nly eloquence,
Ne'er had our blood thus wantonly been spilt,
Nor modern patriots stain'd with crimson'd guilt;
Our streets had *now* not rung with widow's moans,
Orphans shrill cries, and mis'ry's sharpest groans—
With sad complaints the limbless vet'rans ne'er,
In trembling notes, had pierc'd the pitying ear;
Abroad Rebellion ne'er had flesh'd it's sword;
Ne'er had Britania's children held abhorr'd
Her gentle laws—Foul Discord *here* unfurl'd
Her bloody sails, then swept the Western world.

Rouz'd by dislike to men, who councils-led,
Damn'd Opposition rear'd her Hydra-head;
Pursues the task with unrelenting rage,
Nor can calamity her force assuage;
Whilst royal pow'r those very men approves,
Honor, tho' injur'd, vindicates and loves.

Ev'n

Ev'n now, the poignant pangs of dire distress
Prompt not her sons to wish the ruin less—
Louder and louder, hark! the rebel cry
Dins the gall'd ear and rattles thro' the sky:
Tho' Britain hourly bleeds at ev'ry pore,
Faction still lives, the Godhead they adore.

See boist'rous R——, proud, relentless, fierce,
Sedition's Chief! a more than common curse!
Sprung from the bawdy loins of luscious sin,
Without all frantic, violent within:
Proud of the dregs of royal lust, which plays
Around his heart, and bursts into a blaze
Of Hell-born arrogance; despising those,
Intrinsic merit as his equal chose.
Rapid behold him haste his country's doom,
And feed the fondest hope of thirsty Rome.

See him of Gallia's champions foremost stand,
Espouse the cause, and kiss the *gentle* hand.

OF

Of him, whose *ill-tim'd* mercy stem'd the flood,
And stopp'd the blushing stream of Gallic blood:
BLOOD, which old Ocean's bosom should have dy'd,
A grateful sacrifice to England's pride.

See him for ever rising in debate,
Fond to confound the well-plann'd schemes of state;
Fertile in art—industrious to vex—
Glad to accuse—and eager to perplex
Whate'er should make a *real patriot* smile,
And militate against rebellious guile.

See his malicious eye observe the throne,
Pregnant with envy, if, perchance, 'tis known
That smiling peace her placid ray prepares
To ease the anguish of his monarch's cares.

See him his greedy soul with pleasure feed,
Whene'er misfortune makes his country bleed;

That

That, red with riot Rage, his burning breath
May loudly bellow forth the voice of death.
BLOCK, AXES, TOWER, then thunder from his throat,
And threats terrific swell each hideous note.
In vain he tries, in vain exerts his pow'r,
Th' *ideal* bloody butcher of an hour.

BLOCK, AXES, TOWER, are inoffensive found,
The guilty only tremble at the sound.
Should England on her foes bid vengeance forth,
Who'd feel her stroke, a R—— or a N——th?
If to the scaffold guilt the culprit call,
On ——'s head the ready axe would fall.
To R——'s voice 'tis madness to attend,
For France's favourite ne'er was England's friend.

Diff'rent is W——th's plan, for W——th's mild,
All tongues declare him Treach'ry's gentlest child;
By nature oily, in smooth numbers he
Pours forth his tales of *studied* perfidy—

E

Pardon

Pardon the error—I mistook my man ;
 The M——s whispers but another's plan ;
 His lesson giv'n, he cons it o'er and o'er,
 And faintly echoes, what he's taught before—
 For thinking's long been held in deep disgrace,
 And ne'er attends my Lord—*but to a race* ;
 And arguments, when Dullness asks their aid,
 Often confound, but seldom clear the head.

Taught to invite the ear, the want of sense
 He craftily supplies by diffidence ;
 Lets fall his borrow'd hints, and leaves the rest
 To those bold peers, he's told, can bully best :—
 'Mongst them ev'n Billingsgate has shewn its face,
 And, drefs'd in ducal robes, seiz'd reason's place :
 But for our nobles' *honor*, be it said,
 The language seems a *little better* bred.

Tho' trifling, diffident, and yet at school,
 He wisely follows his preceptor's rule ;

Makes

Makes strong connexions with the heads of sin,
That bustling boldness may bring Folly in :
On other terms no dawn of hope appears,
His addle brain to load with state affairs ;
Fatal experience long has prov'd it true,
Knowledge with M——n's Lord has nought to do.

Still ever bustling, like th' industrious mole,
He works incessant in his dirty hole.
Determin'd, as he can, his race to run,
And dies to see a minister undone.
Votes as he's bid, tho' e'er so wrong the cause,
And in the line he's put most firmly draws.
Party's fix'd dupe, he feels himself unblest,
On Britons' helms when vict'ry rears her crest ;
Statesmen alone his glory's to destroy,
And in their ruin feels no common joy.

Who but must smile to see this trifling thing
Whirling in busy Faction's active ring ?

Who

Who but must laugh to view this lordling elf,
Plotting with others to promote himself?
Pander to party let him e'er remain,
Nor by *his folly* England curse again;
Better, than in the state, this Lord should be,
With all his ire, Britannia's enemy.

How can my Muse restrain the pitying tear,
Beholding C—— 'midst this group appear?
C—— once lov'd, as honest, gen'rous, good,
'Till rank Sedition his great soul subdu'd;
Slave to a junto, Honor's foul disgrace,
Who'd league with hell to shuffle into place;
Who'd of a Y—— demand life's precious stream,
To thwart a minister, and succour them.

Is it then possible, that one so wise,
Should ev'ry law of rectitude despise?
Start from those rules he consciously ador'd,
And meanly vilify the name of Lord?

What

What damning deeds will not Ambition dare?

Ev'n C——'s self Ambition will not spare.

Before this Tyrant---Justice takes her flight,

And Virtue sinks into the realms of Night.

Acute in argument, to quibbling bred,

His heart stands neuter, whilst his subtle head

Hunts thro' each avenue of low chicane,

To start a quirk to give his Monarch pain.

Whate'er a M———d moves, his bosom glows

With keen impatience strongly to oppose:

Nay, ev'n should Heav'n a M———d's voice inspire,

He'd not abate one spark of faction's fire;

But to th' extent inventive fancy strain,

And plead a cause, ev'n hell could not maintain;

Tho', fraught with falsity, each word should bring

Perdition to his country, and his King.

Believe this Lord, and current it would pass,

M———d's a cunning knave, G———e an ass,

Hark!

F

S——h

S——h his weary country has undone,
And hoary N---h's Corruption's eldest son:
The ----'s a mulish, headstrong, thoughtless sot,
And the whole k*****'s govern'd by a Scot.

Believe this Lord, he'll scruple not to tell,
Our ministers all, all are black as hell;
Vain, haughty, ign'rant, senseless, selfish, blind;
Disgrace of heav'n, and curse of human-kind;
That no one act their councils ever mov'd,
Was blest'd by fortune, or by sense approv'd.

To no one class it surely can belong,
Whate'er they do to be for ever wrong;
A chance-directed stroke their hopes might raise,
And merit some small share of simple praise.

Unlucky men! exert your utmost skill;
Unhappy ministers! ye blunder still;
Send forth your armies to the Western shore;
Against rebellion bid your cannon roar;

Hark!

Hark! how the sound of murder dins the ear,
And modern patriots stand aghast with fear:
Bawl forth, "With blood you've stain'd the royal hand,
And butcher, butcher echoes thro' the land.

Bid dreadful war with all its terrors cease,
And mild persuasion smoothe the path to peace:
How chang'd the sound! how alter'd ev'ry tone!
Now, coward, coward, hisses to the throne.

'Tis not because we fear th' ideal stroke
Of abject slav'ry, or a tyrant's yoke;
Sedition's friends attempt the world t' alarm,
And bid the sons of Freedom boldly arm.

'Tis not 'cause Britain's wounds they wish to heal,
And ease the troubles of the common-weal;
To action partial causes give the soul,
And hopes of int'rest animate the whole.

Ask

Ask B——l's Lord, who ne'er could bear rebuke,
 But whilst, beneath the wing of K——n's Duke,
 He view'd preferment with a greedy eye,
 And silent bore a load of infamy.
 Oh! shame to tell; my Muse, a moment pause;
 Think'st thou he feels at all his country's cause?
 He, Meanness' sordid slave! who'd condescend,
 And to such foul disgrace so tamely bend:
 Disgrace, so horrid damning in th' event;
 Disgrace, made monst'rous only by content;
 Disgrace, should harrow up the soul of age,
 And in his icy bosom kindle rage.

Think'st thou he feels a patriot's honest pride,
 Who could behold the beauties of his bride
 Crop'd by another's hand in youthful bloom,
 'Cause int'rest pointed at the time to come?
 Believe 't who may—Honor itself recoils,
 And shrinks at him, who bears the load, and smiles.

Yet

Yet still we view this piece of milky clay,
Plotting in mischief's phalanx day by day;
Blund'ring in error; wrangling in dispute;
Loft and bewilder'd in the maze of doubt;
Prating on subjects he ne'er understood,
And loudly calling for a statesman's blood;
Searching, researching, ever in a pother,
Always confounding one thing with another.
Flat, stale and senseless, this good gossip peer
Mumbles o'er nonsense, 'till the wearied ear
The solemn murmurs of his voice receives,
Which on the mind no faint idea leaves.

Staunch bloodhound this amidst the patriot tribe!
Could one believe he bellows for a bribe?
Trust him who will—I'll not; for, on my life
He'll sell his country sure, who sells his wife.
To sea with him—far from this christian shore—
There let him wed the Adriatic whore:
For hearts like his, I ween, are best consign'd
To such a mate—they stigmatize mankind.

The last, but not the least in *patriot* merit,
 Stands B——n's Duke, *renown'd* for *dauntless* spirit.
 Should doubt arise, call forth his steady mate;
 Maugre all oaths, he can such tales relate,
 Such hair-breadth 'scapes, such mighty, mighty things:
 But hear the bard—in W———e he sings.

“ B——n 'midst battling waves dares death defy;
 “ And proud of honor, for his honor die;
 “ He loves his country, thousand tongues can tell;
 “ A coward hates, as Puritans hate hell:
 “ True native courage all his bosom warms,
 “ And his great soul darts forth at war's alarms;
 “ He 'mongst the British Worthies e'er must shine,
 “ And add a lustre to the glorious line.”

I wish it true—but England's annals say;
 And in broad letters mark the fatal day,
 When from his station timid P——t fled,
 Whilst other heroes for their country bled.

What

What patriot now denies the flight was just?
Who can withstand the clouds of Spanish dust?
Not one bold braggart, find him if you can—
Ask *honest F—x*, he knows 'em to a man.
The golden God the soul of P——t seiz'd,
Old England injur'd, and the coward pleas'd.
Vers'd in evasive arts Invention came,
Repriev'd his forfeit life, yet damn'd his name.
Not Perj'ry's self could sure protection give;
The *quiv'ring Sternpost* bid Corruption live;
Prudence commanded, all men must allow,
With wither'd wreath to grace his dastard brow:
On Honor's front no wither'd leaf is seen;
They gain fresh vigor, are for ever green.

Bolder in council B——n fallies forth
And, without mercy, damns superior worth;
By arts detested labours to defeat
The man, in honor's field, he dares not meet;

Stops

Stops at no point, if party bids him on,
And knows no joy, if Virtue's not undone;
His country's honor would for ever stain,
And see her fall without a moment's pain;
His God, nay ev'n his wealth, he would disown,
On S——h' head to pull destruction down.

Curse on the slave—ten thousand curses wait
The wretch, who smiling views his country's fate;
Who joys intestine discord to increase,
And by sedition drowns the voice of peace.

Curs'd be the man, however great he be,
Who crouches beneath the wing of Perfidy;
Who, when his wounded country droops, contends
To call perdition on his country's friends.

Curs'd be the men—may Heav'n's all-righteous rage,
With cruel tortures rack their hoary age,

Who

Who view their country with rebellious eyes,
And on her speedy ruin wish to rise.

That such there are, the times disjointed speak,
Who wait impatient for the gen'ral wreck.
That such there are, my Muse has dar'd to shew,
And from the common herd has chose a few.

But, friend to truth, again her honest verse
The baneful group means singly to rehearse,
And dash indignant thro' th' envenom'd crowd
Of modern patriots, whom no art shall shroud;
To day's broad eye, how high foe'er they're born,
Shall drag them boldly forth to public scorn;
Hang them aloft, that all mankind may know,
A selfish patriot is his country's foe.

Hang them aloft, that ev'ry eye may see
A selfish patriot slave to Perfidy;
Who laughs at freedom, grasps at pow'r and pelf,
And damns his country to promote himself.

T H E E N D.

Who view their country with rebellious eyes,
And on her speedy ruin wish to rise.

That such there are, the times disjoin'd speak,
Who wait impatient for the general wreck.

That such there are, my Muse has dur'd to show,
And from the common herd has choic'd a few.

But, friend to truth, again her honest verse
The painful group means singly to rehearse.

And still indignant thro' the conveni'd crowd
Of modern patriots, whom no art shall shroud;

To-day's broad eye, how high for the tyrant born,
Still drag them boldly forth to public scorn;

Unglanc'd from aloft, that all mankind may know,
A selfish patriot is his country's foe.

Hang them aloft, that every eye may see,
A selfish patriot lives to Party;

Who laughs at freedom, grips at power and gold,
And damns his country to promote himself.

THE END.